



ECCHOES
FROM A SUNDAY SCHOOL

DYER.

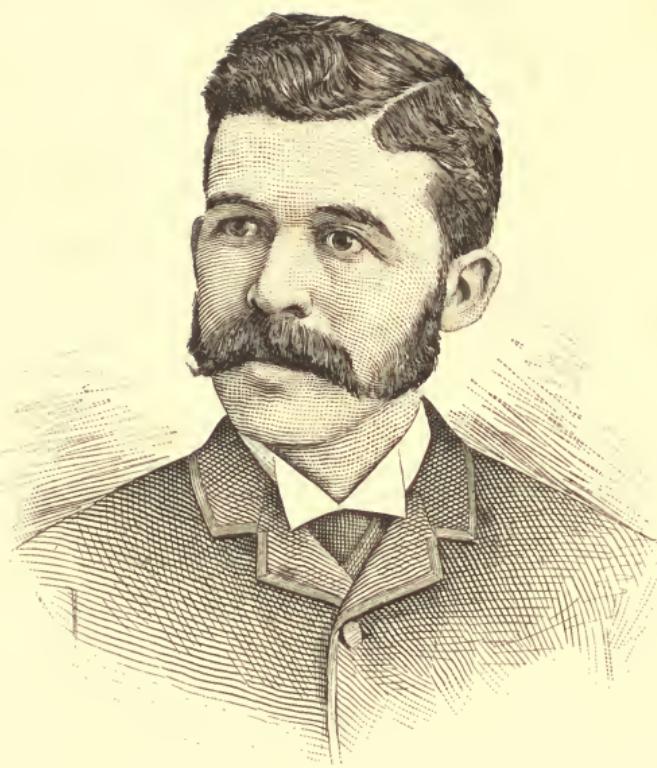
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Newton Watlers



ECHOES FROM A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.



W.E. Dyer

ECHOES FROM A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY W. E. DYER.

Illustrated and Supplemented.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY W. M. MITCHELL, M.D., EDITOR
OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND INFANT'S INSTITUTE
PHARMACEUTICAL, TORONTO.

"FEED ME LAMBETH" Vol. 15.

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1890.



W.M.

ECHOES

FROM A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY W. E. DYER,

Sunday-School Superintendent.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D., EDITOR
OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND EPWORTH LEAGUE
PERIODICALS, TORONTO.

"FEED MY LAMBS."—JOHN xxi. 15.

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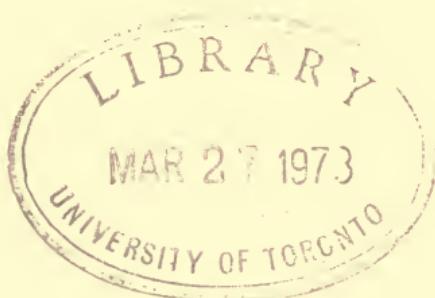
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1890.

BV
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Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year
one thousand eight hundred and ninety, by W. E. DYER, in
the office of the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa.



"He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom."

"Heaven with the echo shall resound, and all the world shall hear."

"The woods shall answer and the echo ring." —POPE.

*"Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy bed."* —MILTON.

*"Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky."*

P R E F A C E.

“ECHOES”—Reverberations that have floated on the time of a few years’ Christian work, and in their flight were caught and secured with pen and ink for personal reflection, but with no intention whatever of presenting in such a form as this.

Without concentration of thought in the preparation of these lines, as is perceivable, they were fashioned from passing thoughts, reflections or incidents in the busy pursuits of life, hence, perhaps, their apparent digression. I therefore ask your fairest consideration of the motive in their presentation.

As Sunday-school superintendent, one’s experience is varied with the secular and the spiritual; and from sermons, addresses, essays, speeches, Sunday-school recitations, songs and other preparations, etc., that were indulged in for personal improvement in the discharge of duty, I have compiled this little book from such manuscript of my book-case as were fleeting thoughts of a rhythmic nature, and called them “Echoes.” Such they seem to me—living voices in my own experience, returning from the archives of an out-of-the-way past—though a past which may have been but few years, it is gone, and gone with the moments, opportunities and privileges as eternal records which are put away, as it were, and kept forever. Such thoughts, like voices, echo from the past.

Echoes—thoughts, pleasant; memories, hallowed; moments, blest; efforts, divinely sustained; motives, purified; work, sanctified; times and places, revered; childhood and youth, recalled and made happy; friendship, endeared; love, exemplified; experience, immortalized; joy, intensified; heaven brought nearer and Christ made dearer, are the echoes which

come with reiterating force upon my heart and soul, whether success or failure, apparently, may have interspaced those Bethels by the way. The tracing of the hand of God, and listening to His voice, and recognizing His providence in the past, are reverberations worthy of reflection—are echoes which all may hear, and which will tend to elevate and bless and lift heavenward.

As some of these echoes are still lingering o'er the many young hearts of those who are fast growing with days and months and years, and who are thus intimately concerned with what is here written, I thought that in a circulating medium of a printed form they might be placed in their hands, and perhaps recall some happy moments of by-gone days, and thus prove to be of some humble service.

Hence the effort ; may blessing attend it.

W. E. D.

OSHAWA, *July 8th, 1890.*

E C H O .

ECHO ! sweet Echo ! thou daughter of earth and of air,
Narcissus is not, but thou art somewhere,
Thy voice we can hear, so soft, sweet and clear,
O'er meadow and dale, from mountain o'er vale,
And clear stilly deep, with nature asleep,
Thou art tripping along, repeating the song
Thou hast heard.

Echo ! love Echo ! why pine thee away in thy love,
Till nothing is left but thy voice as a dove,
Which flitteth along with the swiftness of song,
And telleth the tale from mountain and vale ?
That vale is the Past, but the mountain will last,
As the child of a day, that fadeth away—
It is Time.

—W. E. D.

1890.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Sunday-school Anniversary is one of the most important of the meetings of the Church. It brings prominently before the membership and the congregation the valuable work that has been done in the schools and by the corps of faithful teachers. It accentuates the fact that the school is essentially a part of the Church. The scholars, too, realize more fully their relation to the Church, and are brought more into spiritual touch and sympathy with it. In no way will parents become more interested in Church life and Church work and especially in the Sunday-schools, than when their young people take an active part in these Anniversary Services.

More and more the vital relation of the school to the Church is being recognized and realized. It is, in an important sense, the recruiting ground of the Church, the hope of its future, the pledge of its prosperity. Ampler provision is year by year being made for improved Lesson Helps and Sunday-school literature, graded to suit the needs of the primary, intermediate and senior departments. Ampler provision is being made also for suitable class rooms and other accommodation for these grades. It is no longer thought sufficient to provide accommodation in the basement of a church, half under ground, beside the furnace and the coal-bin, dull, dark, and forbidding. With most of

our new Churches there are light and airy school rooms, above ground, made bright and beautiful by wall pictures, maps, flowers and the like. And best of all the Sunday-school exercises are made cheerful and pleasant, with hearty song, in many places accompanied by youthful orchestras, and by a happy, cheerful and joyous Christian spirit. The brightest day of the Sunday-school year is its anniversary day ; when the scholars act the part of host to their parents and young friends, and display the results of the loving care and culture and devotion of their teachers and officers.

It is sometimes difficult to devise exercises that shall be at once sprightly, interesting, instructive and in harmony with the spiritual aims and objects of the Sunday-school. Sometimes these anniversaries are marred by a tendency, on the one hand, to frivolity, on the other hand, to dullness. The very successful superintendent of the Medcalf Street School, Oshawa, has struck a very happy medium between these extremes. These exercises, we believe, have all stood the test of actual experience and we can easily believe they have been signally successful. It is this fact that lends to some of these recitations their local colouring and allusions. We are persuaded that many schools may find it to their advantage to adopt some one or other of the exercises for which such ample choice is presented in this volume.

W. H. W.

ECHOES FROM A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

CANADA'S GREATNESS.*

TUNE—Page 239, Dominion Hymnal, or “Men of Harlech.”

O ye men and Christians, listen
To the voice of those you christen ;
Canada's greatness has arisen
From the Sabbath-school.
To that fact we draw attention,
And no other dare we mention
Of this great and grand dimension
Under British Rule.

CHORUS.—We pray you, come and help us :
You cannot be so selfish,
To keep your coin and never join
The aids of “Canada's greatness.”
All our foes we are stampeding,
And to better things acceding ;
While in greatness still proceeding,
Under British Rule.

* “Canada's Greatness” is a compilation appended to this work as a Sunday-school drama, by W. E. D., for Medcalf Street School, Oshawa. It was performed by twelve young ladies and gentlemen at the “Cornucopia” Entertainment, Christmas, 1889. This song, as a part of the drama, was sung by the young people with the happy result of quickening many to the work, and benefiting the funds of the school to the amount of over \$100.”

All the children represented,
Are right royally contented
With the Bible, supplemented
By your Christian help.

They grow up to form the nation,
Who, with highest adoration,
Praise the Lord with great elation
For your kindly help.—*Cho.*

Every Sabbath day we're meeting
In thousand schools with hearty greeting,
Though our lives so fast are fleeting
Toward the by-and-by.

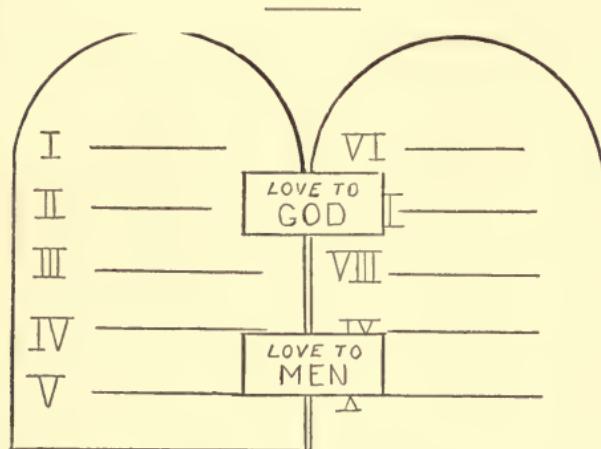
We maintain the cause of Jesus
To retain our Canada's greatness ;
'Tis God's promise ne'er to leave us
When the time draws nigh.—*Cho.*

“COME BEFORE HIS PRESENCE WITH
SINGING.”

Praise God with all the heart and soul ;
Praise Him, though thousand thunders roll ;
Praise Him when all is quite at ease ;
Praise Him, though others never please
The God of all Creation.

Praise God with hallowed songs of joy ;
Praise Him with all you can employ ;
Praise Him through ages and decrees ;
Praise Him, while others seldom please
The God of Preservation.

Praise God, ye people, young and old !
 Praise Him for mercies manifold ;
 Praise Him through whom can only be
 Praises through eternity—
 The God of our Redemption.



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Commandments ten God gave to men
 On tables from above ;
 Fulfilling them, the Saviour came,
 And summed them up in "Love."

'Tis "Love to God" and "Love to man,"
 Christ Jesus told the Jew,
 A comprehensive, great command—
 What more should He tell you ?

Commandments ten God gave to men,
 And little girls and boys ;
 He gives to you what you can do,
 To taste eternal joys.

“L—O—V—E to G—O—D,”
 L—O—V—E to man,
 With this the Lord doth hinge His Word,
 For Love with God began.

Come let us meet and Sabbath greet,
 To learn the way Christ trod,
 With teachers dear, whose minds are clear,
 In loving you and God.

“DO NOT BE WEARY IN WELL-DOING.”

It is well to do well ;
 It is well to take heed,
 And not to grow weary
 In the hour of need.

It is well to ask help
 Of the Lord who will give ;
 In all your well-doing
 Help others to live.

“In well-doing don’t weary,”
 God saith unto thee ;
 “If you’re weary—look up,”
 Just “look unto Me.”

“HOPE AND QUIETLY WAIT.”

Let Patience have her perfect work,
 And Hope fill all your soul ;
 The trials of life you should not shirk,
 Though thousand thunders roll.

As Hope looks up and Patience waits
Until God's work is done,
From God alone there emanates
All grace and strength in one.

An over-anxious thought would lead
You in the vale, Despair ;
Just Hope and wait, with Patience heed
God's providential care.
Hope and quietly wait.

"WE ARE MORE THAN CONQUERORS."

Through Christ the Lord, who strengthens all,
We're more than conquerors ;
O'er every trial, trouble, fall,
We're more than conquerors.

He helps the loving children, too,
To make them conquerors ;
There's naught for men He cannot do—
He'll make them conquerors.

They're always those in Christ the Lord,
Who're more than conquerors ;
I'll surely trust Him on His word,
And join the conquerors.

“LABORERS TOGETHER WITH GOD.”

The Lawyers, Doctors, Workingmen,
 Laborers with God,
And Teachers, Scholars should be then
 Laborers with God.

Philosophers and Poets be
 Laborers with God,
And Scientists we ought to see
 Laborers with God.

The Merchants, Tradesmen, Agents, too,
 Laborers with God,
Should show in everything they do
 Laborers with God.

In any calling you may be
 Laborers with God ;
That calling, too, prove honestly,
 Laborers with God.

Who'll join those ranks as one with me ?
 Laborers with God ;
And prove to all eternity,
 Laborers with God.

“AND GOD SAID, LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

By the mere “Let be,” there came the light,
 And glory shone around ;
But the Lord shows forth His greater might
 In our redemption ground.

“QUIT YOU LIKE MEN ; BE STRONG.”

In Jesus Christ, the Love of God is manifest to men,
And each of us should “Face about,” and serve the Saviour,
then.

“Quit you like men ; be strong,” said He, ‘tis what we all
should do ;
It is your right—a perfect right—and God is helping you.

“I AM WITH THEE.”

“I am with thee,” God has said,
“Unto the very end ;
In business strife be true to life,
On Me you can depend.”

“I am with thee,” Jesus said,
“Though heaven I ascend ;
If young in life, through ease or strife,
I will a comfort send.”

“BE YE HOLY, FOR I AM HOLY.”

“I am holy,” saith the Lord,
This He tells me by His Word ;
And the Spirit witnesseth
To my inmost soul, and saith,
Be ye holy.

“ABOUNDING IN THE WORK.”

“Abounding in the work.”

What work ?

The Work of God.

May I the work do well,
To many sinners tell
The love of God to me,
In saving me from hell.

“Abounding in the work.”

What work ?

The work of God.

By showing to the world,
With Gospel flag unfurled,
My God’s great love to men,
And prove a worthy herald.

“GOD IN THE MIDST OF HER.”

A blessed thing it is to know
God is with us here below ;
Jesus with the Church on earth
Is to-day its greatest worth.

“God is in the midst of her,”
Here and there and everywhere ;
Leading on to holy things,
Where He’s worshipped, King of kings.

"THE HARVEST IS THE END OF THE WORLD."

If harvest is the end,
When can the sowing be?
Decidedly to-day
For all eternity.

To-day, I must be wise,
To sow the proper seed,
If I in Paradise
Would with the angels lead.

"I'LL GLORY IN THY NAME FOREVER."

It is Thy name that buoys our way
Through every want and care :
I'll glory in that name to-day,
Thine everlasting law obey ;
And in Thy name, O Lord ! prepare
My soul to live forever there,
Through that eternal day.

I'll glory in that name and pray,
To ever faithful be ;
And, when I stumble, "Lord," I'll say,
"Thy 'Law of Love,' help me obey."
And though I wander far from Thee,
I long to love Thee tenderly,
Through that eternal day.

“HE CALLETH US WITH A HOLY CALLING.”

A Holy Calling ! Praise the Lord !
That God has sent abroad :
And happy is the man who has
A perfect trust in God.

Who will not hearken to that call ?
In youthful days I list ;
And if I falter by the way,
It is because I've missed
The Holy Calling.

“WHITHER SHALL I GO ?”

There is a place for those who weep :
A place where all God's children find
A harvest rich, with joy we reap,
And God has bidden all mankind—
Thither shall I go.

**“I AM THY SHIELD, AND THY EXCEEDING
GREAT REWARD.”**

Come, gird your armor on,
The prize is set in view ;
The shield you'll find
In God's strong arm,
And both He'll give to you.

“GOD IN THE MIDST.”

A blessed thing it is to know
On God we can depend,
While in the Holy Place below
He dwells with us as Friend.

“The Lord is in the midst of her,”
On earth the Church we view ;
Beware, young man, no trifling there,
For God is watching you.

In the midst of her is He, the Lord,
And boys and girls should know,
For every idle thought and word
He marks it down—just so.

“WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED.”

The Gospel of Christ is the power of God
To the saving of souls upon earth ;
The greatest extent of God’s love was revealed
Unto us at the time of Christ’s birth.

Crucified was the Lord to show us His love ;
Go and preach it that souls may be saved ;
The debt has been paid by heaven’s great price,
Just to rescue a world so enslaved.

And the preaching of Christ has lifted us up,
To partake of the good things of life ;

And only through Him is the world to be saved,
To be lifted from sorrow and strife.

“Preach Christ crucified.”

“WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.”

To magnify His worth
I would not dare to do ;
But all your life should give,
What God has given you.

All worth be to the Lamb,
For you who once was slain ;
O'er death He triumphed well,
Came from the grave to reign.

And so, you see, His worth
Is more than I could tell—
Saves for *time—heaven*, too,
And overcometh hell.

Well worthy is the Lamb,
For you who once was slain ;
If you will trust Him now,
You'll find 'tis not in vain.

“RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND PEACE, AND JOY IN THE HOLY GHOST.”

There's righteousness, and peace, and joy
For evermore ;
And riches in God's goodness
He holds an abundant store.

'Tis by the Holy Ghost those riches
 He imparts,
To you, me, and all mankind,
 If we open Him our hearts.

“STRIVE TO ENTER IN AT THE STRAIT
GATE.”

The gate is wide open, strait is the way ;
 Wilt thou strive for the entering in ?
The victory certain, if unto that day,
 Thou forsake the broad way of sin.
 O strive to enter in.

Jesus will help thee to walk the strait way,
 Wilt thou strive for the entering in ?
Jesus helps me, I can truthfully say,
 To forsake the broad way of sin.
 O strive to enter in.

“GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.”

'Tis God's great love that prompts my soul
 To love Him more and more ;
And day by day I seek to know
 The love of Eden's shore.

God loved the world, so loved the world,
 He gave His Son to die,
That you and I might learn of Him,
 And meet Him in the sky.

“THY JUDGMENTS ARE A GREAT DEEP.”

Thy judgments are a mighty deep,
In searching them mankind may sleep ;
But thou art ready to reveal
More truth than man can ever steal.

Thy judgments, Lord, if men would know,
Must tap the everlasting flow
Of thy great love, if they would learn
Thy judgments deep, how dare they spurn.

“ALL THY WORKS SHALL PRAISE THEE.”

Mankind—Thy noblest work,
Should be the first to raise
Their hearts, and voices, too,
Into a living praise.

“THE LOVE OF GOD”—“GOD IS LOVE.”

The fulness of God’s love
I truly long to know ;
The foretaste of its preciousness
Sets all my soul aglow.

The greatness of that love
I know I cannot span ;
It’s like the air—’tis free
For every child of man.

"I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

"I am with you always,"
Precious promise !
Springtime, Summer, Fall days,
Gracious promise !
I'll in Winter recognize you
Though all other friends despise you,
"I am with you always
Unto the very end."

My Lord says this to me,
His loving arms I see
Outstretched in saving me
For all eternity.

"LOOK UNTO ME."

"Look unto Me," "Look unto Me,"
'Tis God who calls unto Me.
'Tis life He will give :
And surely I live
By heeding Him in that "Look unto Me."
I look !

"Look unto Me," "Look unto Me."
'Tis God who calls unto thee.
His Son from above
Has shown His great love,
And justifies thee in "Look unto Me,"
Look thou !
It is only look and live.

“COME, FOR ALL THINGS ARE NOW READY.”

High heaven's ready, angels, too,
To take you gently home ;
Your father, mother, all await
And bid you cease to roam.

All things in Christ are ready now,
At Jesus' feet come humbly bow ;
That's where I am, and all the school
Is ready now to learn God's rule.

The Church is ready, servants, too,
To help poor sinners some ;
The Holy Spirit leads the way,
And urges all to come.

In Christ you'll find all ready now,
At Jesus' feet, I pray you bow ;
There need not one be left behind,
For God has bidden all mankind.

“WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION.”

God has the plan laid down
Through His beloved Son ;
You have your part to do :
Have you not yet begun ?

“Work your own salvation,
With trembling and with fear,”
The God of Love will help,
Who is forever near.

"THE LABORERS ARE FEW."

"The laborers are few,"
What does that say to you?
It bids me rise and shine,
With all the light divine,
For Truth.

"The laborers are few,"
And God is calling you
To rise and now combine
To trim the mighty vine
Of Truth.

To-day are laborers few,
With loving hearts and true,
To do this loving work,
And nothing good will shirk
In Truth?

If laborers were few,
I'd know not what to do;
I'm glad to see the ranks
That stand upon the banks
Of truth.

"WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING."

A goodly thing it is to know,
God is with us where'er we go;
And nothing can we think or do
Without His aid to help us through.

“THE LIGHT THAT SHINETH IN A DARK PLACE.”

My heart was dark as dark could be,
 But now there shines a light—
 A light that shines so bright and free,
 And fills me with delight—
 ’Tis Heaven’s light.

Our land was dark as dark could be,
 Till Christ shone forth His light,
 Which lifts mankind eternally
 And makes their time so bright,
 With heaven’s light.

O light ! bright light ! shine forth to-day !
 O’er all the earth abroad ;
 Let all inhabitants obey
 The precepts of our God—
 Shine on, Eternal Light !

“BE YE SAVED.”

Thou mayest, if thou wilt, be saved,
 Don’t put it off so long,
 God wills to-day that we “be saved :”
 In us there’s something wrong.

“In us there’s something wrong,” you say,
 “Explain to me our lack ;”
 It is because we *will not* come
 To walk the narrow track.

"Be ye saved," implies, I think,
We *may be* if *we will* ;
Whatever comes, let come what may ;
In God I'm trusting still.

A LITTLE BOY.

I am a very little boy,
But I go to Sunday-school,
Where many little girls and boys
Join heart to heart in sacred joys,
To keep God's given rule.

"CHOSEN THE FOOLISH THINGS."

God, who is too wise to err, and too just to be unkind,
To babes and sucklings, if in Christ, reveals His mighty
mind.

At Jesus' feet I'll watch and wait, to heed *His foolish
things* ;
"All peace to earth, good-will to men," is what an angel
sings.

Wise men, in the Church and State, who are seeking to be
wise ;
Seek truest wisdom, when they seek the God of earth and
skies.

And all must seek of Christ alone ; who is the truest way ;
Forsake the foolish things of earth for that eternal day.

“BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK.”

Will you open the door of your heart
 To Jesus, who patiently stands ?
 From all sinning He pleads you depart ;
 He shows you the prints in His hands.

O come ! open the door of your heart !
 Let Jesus come tenderly in,
 And His love unto you will impart
 All strength to subdue every sin.

Jesus stands at the door of your heart ;
 Oh, will you not welcome His love ?
 Every sin from thy soul will he part,
 As He fits for heaven above.

“WRITTEN IN THE LAMB’S BOOK OF LIFE.”

Books are written, accounts are kept,
 And many things are done with care ;
 But oft do business men neglect
 To have their names all written there.
 “ In the Saviour’s Book of Life.”

With others, too, the work is left,
 For worldly gain, for mirth or play ;
 In youth I do not dare neglect
 To put it off another day—
 My name in the “ Book of Life.”
 “ Is your name written there ? ”

JESUS SAID, "COME UNTO ME."

I've come to Christ in early youth,
To learn of Him eternal Truth,
That I may rise, as time goes by,
To reign with Jesus in the sky.

Come ! oh, come ! if thou'rt not in youth,
Come now, and learn eternal Truth—
That Jesus is the Light and Way
Which leads unto the perfect day.

Jesus said, "Come unto Me."
I come ! Come thou !

"BE YE THEREFORE READY."

"Be ye therefore ready,"
Ready when the Bridegroom comes ;
Are you ready, all ready,
If the blessed Saviour comes ?

"Be ye therefore ready,"
Ready when the Bridegroom comes ;
Business men ! are ye ready—
Ready, if the Saviour comes ?

"Be ye therefore ready,"
Ready when the Bridegroom comes ;
Tradesmen ! are you all ready—
Ready if the Master comes ?

I am ready ! Are you ready—
 Ready, if the Saviour comes ?
 Be ye ready, oh, be ready !
 For the Saviour when He comes,
 “ Be ye therefore ready.”

“I WILL GIVE YOU REST,” SAID JESUS.

The rest of mind is well ;
 The rest of body, too ;
 The rest of soul is better still,
 Which I can prove to you.

Jesus said, “ I’ll give you rest ; ”
 I take Him at His word ;
 Whate’er I do, it is my best
 To serve Him as “ my Lord.”

THE PRODIGAL.

LUKE xv. 17, 18.

Shall I arise and go
 And bow to my Father low ?
 How will He meet
 If Him I’ll greet,
 And show that I love Him so ?

“ I will arise and go.”
 Ought I to talk like that ? ‘Tis slow ;
 I know He’ll greet
 If Him I’ll meet,
 For I’m sure He loves me so.

"I will arise and go,"
And say to Him, "I know
I've sinned 'gainst light,
And in Thy sight ;
And no more worthy ! No !
To be called Thy son,
But rather be one
Of Thy hired servants." Oh, I'll go,
I will go, *I will go.*

I will ! I will ! I will !
I know 'tis better still,
However low,
To arise and go
And seek my Father's will.

Oh, will you not arise ?
With manly exercise
Use heart and will
And all, until
You've entered Paradise.

"COME UNTO ME."

"Come unto Me,"—oh, come !
Jesus is waiting for thee,
Lovingly, tenderly, waiting to-day !
Oh come, from your sins be set free.
"Come unto Me."

“ Come unto Me,”—oh, come !
Jesus is calling for thee,
Earnestly, candidly, calling to day !
Why not, why not, come unto me ?
“ Come unto Me.”

“ Come unto Me,”—oh, come !
Jesus is pleading for thee,
Powerfully, wisely, pleading just now !
That you be saved eternally,
“ Come unto Me.”

“ Come unto Me,”—oh, come !
Jesus is working for thee,
Daily and hourly up at the throne,
Interceding for you and for me.
“ Come unto Me.”

“ Come unto Me,”—oh, come !
Jesus is living for thee,
Constantly, holy, and now to impart
Life, joy, and peace all unto thee.
“ Come unto Me.”

“ Come unto Me,”—oh, come !
Will you not come unto Me.
By-and-by will you sing glory and praise,
I am glad I came unto Thee,
Came unto Thee ?

PULPIT WORK.

“ Take my life and let it be
Ever given up to Thee.”

Whate'er I do,
Where'er I go,

On me, O Lord, Thy light bestow ;
Thy light bestow, Thy light bestow,
On me, on all with whom I meet,
When bowing 'neath the mercy seat,
In service at the Saviour's feet,
Whate'er I do,
Where'er I go,
On me, on all, Thy light bestow.

“ WORK.”

“ Go work to-day ! ” There's work to do
At thy right hand,
Go work !

For His name's sake, He'll guide you through.
In Jesus' name,
Go work !

“ Go work to-day ! ” There's work to do,
From thine own heart,
Go work !

See that it's right, to Christ be true ;
In Jesus' name
Go work.

“ Go work to-day ! ” There’s work to do
 In His vineyard,
 Go work !

With God’s own word, the Saviour’s, too ;
 In Jesus’ name
 Go work !

“ Go work,” is God’s command,
 “ Go work,” in any land,
 “ Go work,” at thy right hand ;
 “ Go work,” until a holy band,
 Shall all in glory, glory stand
 To work no more.

NEGLECT.

“ How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation ? ”—HEB. ii. 3.

How shall we escape ?

There is no madness in delay ;
 I will climb up some other way.

(*Positive.*)

NEGLECT.

How shall we escape ?

There’s time enough for me to think,
 I will turn back when on the brink.

(*Declarative.*)

NEGLECT.

How shall we escape ?

By putting off salvation’s call ?
 In doing so, I’m lost through all.

(*Considerate.*)

NEGLECT.

How shall we escape ?

When God the holy, just and high
Stands calling, calling me, should I

(*Contemplative.*)

NEGLECT ?

How shall we escape ?

The great salvation which was wrought
By Jesus Christ, my Lord, I'll not

(*Awakened.*)

NEGLECT.

How shall we escape ?

Shall I neglect, as heretofore ?
I'll heed his call and nevermore

(*Opposing.*)

NEGLECT.

How shall we escape ?

Neglect ? 'Tis madness to neglect,
I never more will risk effect

(*Foolishness.*)

Of NEGLECT.

PRAISING GOD.

The angels on the Plains of Bethlehem,
Eighteen hundred and some odd years ago,
Praised God when Christ was born to
Save the race, who turned their back
And, in God's face, did many things
But render praise.

" All glory be to God on high,"
That praise went up from earth to sky.

“ All peace to earth, good-will to men,”
For earth was linked with heaven then.

And sinners, too, might praise Him now,
If at His feet they all would bow ;
So through the hosts this glorious sound,
“ All praise to earth ! a sinner’s found.”

Would you praise God, my brother, now ?
Then at the feet of Jesus bow ;
Come, saint and sinner, let us all
At Jesus’ feet now meekly fall.

O song of praise ! could we but raise,
In better days, this song of praise !
If eighteen hundred and eighty-seven,
This twenty-fifth* would enter heaven.

Come, boys and girls ! Come, young and old !
And praise Him now with better gold ;
’Tis at His feet, all meek and mild,
You each may now become His child.

“ Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.”

* Christmas Day

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST CLEANSETH
US FROM ALL SIN."

Have you need of Jesus and His cleansing power ?

" Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ? "

Come, oh, come ! To Him come in this self-same hour,

" And be cleansed in the blood of the Lamb."

God requires of thee that thy heart be clean ;

" Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ? "

By faith—simple faith—by the Lord be seen

Thou art washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Praise His name—precious name !

I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

"WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE?"

" Wilt thou be made whole ? "

Yes, my Lord, I will,

My wretched, sin-sick soul,

My God ! come nearer still.

Nearer, my soul to heal ;

Nearer, so I may feel

The kindlings of that love

Which fill the realms above ;

My wretched, sin-sick soul,

O Lord, Thou canst make whole.

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

Be little soldiers true ;
Stand up for Jesus, do,
To serve this Captain, He
Will make the other flee.

Resist all evil, do ;
To Jesus Christ be true,
And serve Him faithfully,
To help you better be

A soldier of the Lord.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

TUNE—"Stand before the King."

Ring, ye bells of Christmas, ring !
Let the boys and girls all sing
Merrily, here to-day ;
With their hearts so gay and free,
And their eyes upon the tree—
Christmas tree, Christmas tree.

CHORUS.—Here we stand, before the tree,
With our hearts so gay and free,
And our eyes, where ought they be,
But on the tree, on the tree ?
Here we stand before the tree

Can it be that yonder tree,
Bears some gift for you, and me,
 Here to-day, here to-day ?
Let us count the girls and boys,
To receive the books and toys
 Here to-day, here to-day.—*Cho.*

'Twas a richer gift for me,
When my Saviour on a tree,
 Died for me, died for me.
And His precious life He gave,
Conquering sin, and death, and grave,
 All for me, all for me.—*Cho.*

There's a Tree of Life in bloom,
Rich and gay, beyond the tomb,
 Boys and girls, boys and girls :
Everlasting life will give,
That both you and I may live,
 Eternally, eternally.—*Cho.*

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

"Search the Scriptures,"
'Tis edifying
To know the Scriptures
 Ere you're dying—
That is, to know the Jesus
 That they teach —
This loving Jesus—
 Longs to reach
 You.

GOD OF LOVE.

Our humble works, O Lord, receive,
And teach us all how to believe
Unto eternal life, that we
May meet in Paradise with Thee,
 O God of Love !

The little ones, O Lord, receive,
And teach them, too, how they should live
Unto eternal life, and show
Thy wondrous love to all below—
 The love of God.

THE CHRISTMAS SHIP.

TUNE—"The Gospel Ship."

The Christmas Ship along is sailing,
 Bound for Sunday-schools to-night ;
There she comes, how grand she's laden !
 Rich and rare, how grand the sight !

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, come, sing glory,
 All the children laugh and leap ;
Santa Claus will tell the story
 To us all before we sleep.

Jesus in a lowly manger,
 When a babe in Bethlehem,
Rich men came from East to render
 Presents, as they worshipped Him.—*Cho.*

Come then, children, let us praise Him,
 For His leaving courts above ;
 As a child He comes to save us,
 As a child He shows His love.—*Cho.*

This Jesus, as our Ship, will give us,
 Far more gifts than this one here, (*pointing*)
 If we will but only take them
 From His loving hand, so dear.—*Cho.*

The Christmas Ship has just now landed,
 At our Sabbath-schools to-night ;
 Here she is ! How well she's laden !
 Presents rare, how grand the sight!—*Cho.*

ECHOES FROM THE CHRISTMAS SHIP AND JACOB'S WELL.

TUNE—“The Gospel Ship.”

The Christmas Ship last year came sailing,
 Down to Sunday-schools one night ;
 All her masts were richly laden,
 Rare and good, how grand the sight !

Glory, glory, all sung glory,
 All the children leaped and laughed ;
 Santa Claus had told the story,
 Why he came in all his craft.

Our entertainments you remember,
 All point out th' eventful day,
 When our dearest, loving Saviour,
 Came to show us heaven's way,

Glory, glory, come, sing glory,
Let the children leap, rejoice ;
Jesus Christ has told the story,
For those holy Christmas joys.

To Jacob's Well we all come thinking,
What is there for me—for me ?
From its brim we all like drinking,
As it is so full and free.

Glory, glory, come, sing glory,
Let the children leap, rejoice ;
Jacob's Well but tells the story,
With a holy, heavenly voice.

LOOK AWAY TO JESUS.

TUNE—Come away to Jesus.”

Why thus live with a careworn face,
And thus through life and eternal space
Without one look of that heavenly place ?
Or a look at Jesus now !

With joy, eternal joy, abound !
With joy, eternal joy, abound !
With joy, eternal joy, abound !
With a look at Jesus now.

CHORUS—Look away to Jesus, look away to Jesus ;
Look away to Jesus, look away to Jesus now.

The praying spirit, breathe, impart
 The watching power into my heart ;
 And may we all for Canaan start,
 With a look at Jesus now.—*Cho.*

Let joy abound in every soul,
 And Christ the Lord possess our whole ;
 And let the earth from pole to pole
 Look away to Jesus now.—*Cho.*

THE WALK OF LIFE.

TUNE—“The Wandering Boy.”

The walk of life is sure, we know ;
 Its passing scenes assert
 Its ebb and flow, and how they go,
 Should keep us on th’ alert.

CHORUS—Oh, watch with me to-day !
 Will you watch with me to-day ?
 In the walk of life,
 'Mid care and strife,
 Will you watch with me to-day ?

The blessed Saviour bids us watch,
 And every moment pray,
 Ere the wily one our souls will catch,
 And lure us from the way.—*Cho.*

Have you not learned to walk by prayer,
 And by your life relate
 Your walk with God, which will prepare
 The way to heaven’s gate.—*Cho.*

THE WELL.

There is a well so full and free,
It has so much for you and me ;
Its waters, too, of brightest hue,
Refresh us through eternity.

The Wells of Salvation, so full and so free,
Are pouring forth floods for you and for me ;
Their taps are wide open at each Sabbath-school,
Where we learn to love God and ourselves as a rule.

MY BIBLE.

My Bible tells the story,
Ye followers of Emmanuel ;
Of Him who leads to glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

My Bible speaks of Jesus,
Ye followers of Emmanuel ;
It tells of Him who sees us,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

My Bible guides to heaven,
Ye followers of Emmanuel ;
It bids us be forgiven,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

My Bible is so precious,
Ye followers of Emmanuel ;
Its fruit is very luscious,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

My Bible with the Saviour,
 Ye followers of Emmanuel,
 Are guides to true behaviour,
 Ye followers of the Lamb.

BLESSED JESUS.

O my Jesus, blessed Jesus !
 O my Saviour, from above,
 Come just now, reveal the story
 Of Thy great redeeming love.

O the Saviour, loving Saviour !
 Who for sin, and sin alone,
 Layeth down His precious life,
 For fallen man did He atone.

BRIGHTER THAN DAY.

TUNE—"Sweet Bye-and-By."

There's a life that is brighter than day,
 Boys and Girls ;
 And by faith you may walk in its way,
 Boys and Girls ;
 'Tis a life everlastingly gay,
 Boys and Girls ;
 In its path is the Sun's brightest ray.

CHORUS.—Oh, to-day—will you walk,
 On the verge of that bright, brighter day,
 Boys and Girls ?

Yes, to-day—you may walk,
 On the verge of that heavenly way,
 Praise the Lord !

It is death and despair to ignore,
 Boys and Girls,
 That the Lord in His love doth implore,
 Boys and Girls ;
 You and I, with the rich and the poor,
 Boys and Girls ;
 Are to live by His grace evermore.—*Cho.*

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Christmas comes but once a year; let heart and voice
 unite,

To praise the Lord for all the past, this blessed year so
 bright.

When peace, joy and blessing, too, upon this goodly land,
 He showers rich upon us all; 'tis all at His command.

Sing it out, children, sing, sing, sing !

Let your praises rise till the heavenly arches ring !

Yes, yes, we will, on wings we let them fly ;

Glory, glory, to His name, the Holy and the High !

Ring the bells, children, ring, ring, ring !

Yes, yes, the good news is now on the wing ;

Yes, yes, it comes, and with tidings it tells,

Glorious and blessed tidings, ring, ring the bells.

'Tis here, there, and everywhere, that boys and girls will
sing

The triumphs of the Saviour, who is the Lord and King ;
Let hearts unite with voices, that praises may ascend,
To-day and evermore through the world without an end.

Tell the news, children, tell, tell, tell !
Of Christ the blessed Saviour, who loves the children well.
Yes, yes, He comes, and with love He gives to thee,
Gracious and goodly things for all eternity.

Christmas bells, children, ring, ring, ring !
Yes, yes, with good news, let Christmas bells ring.
Yes, yes, they ring for Christ, the blessed King,
Gracious and goodly tidings, ring, ring the bells.

QUESTIONING.

The simplest questions
Are often the best ones,
To incite the truth
In the heart of youth.

From Genesis to Matthew,
What question, wherefore, hath you ?
As passing through the Gospels
To Acts of the Apostles,
And where we may endeavor,
Both you and I forever,
Find Jesus hath ascended,
The Spirit, too, descended,
Full of mercy, truth and love,
And will lead us all above ;

And from these holy pages,
Down through the many ages,
Till it reaches time to date,
When boys and girls relate,
Who know their sins forgiven,
The happiness of heaven ;
Where, then, our joy will never
With teacher, scholar sever,
And glory, too, as we shall tell,
“Our Jesus hath done all things well.”

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL,

The Sunday-school, dear friends,
Is that which you may claim,
By coming to, and learn
To love God’s holy name.

The superintendents there,
Do love the Lord we know ;
The schools they love, is where
We children love to go.

And teachers, too, are there,
With hearts so full of love ;
The lessons taught are those
Which fit us for above.

To tell about our schools,
The time I dare not spend ;
But you may go and see
How friend meets there with friend.

Our doors are open wide
All over this great land ;
On Sunday every week
We study God's command.

CHRISTMAS TIMES.

When Christmas comes, the jolly time !
Reminds me of the day
That was so long, a year ago,
With Santa Claus away.

When night came on, the hours dragged ;
I could not help but think
That Santa Claus would come and go
Before I'd sleep a wink.

When he came or went I never knew ;
But a cunning trick he played ;
He turned my socks all inside out,
And drank my lemonade.

He filled them up, though outside in,
With toys and candies, too ;
And when he came, and where he went,
I'm sure I never knew.

Those Christmas times are jolly times ;
I shall not waste a wink
To watch for Santa Claus all night ;
A fine old man ! I think.

“ARISE.”

Arise ! arise !
My brother rise ;
Go to the Lord at once,
And on your knees before His eyes
Who lives and reigns this side the skies ;
He'll pardon all affronts.

MY DOLLY.

(Written for a Little Girl.)

My baby is a dolly ;
I'd often call her Polly,
 But I do not like Polly as a name.
But when she's very haughty,
And often when she's naughty,
I then would call her Polly
 But for shame.

My Dolly ! O my Dolly !
I would not show the folly
 To call you Polly, merely as a name ;
But when you're very haughty,
And often when you're naughty,
I then will whip you, Dolly,
 Crying, “Shame !”

SALVATION ARMY.

The Army's come, come, come,
Then let it march, march, march
To its great, grand work
Of leading sinners home.

So let us do the same,
All in the Saviour's name,
And sing "The Army's come
To help poor sinners some."
And lead them home. Speed on !

LETTER FROM SANTA CLAUS.

LAND OF NOD AND SLEEP,

CHRISTMAS, 1889.

Dear Papas and Mammas,
Brothers and Sisters,
Boys and Girls,
Babies and Toddlers :

I left home (the Land of Nod) this morning. Will likely
be at your place this evening. All must be at home and in
their places.

Yours for goodies,

SANTA CLAUS.

OUR HOME.

The Y. P. A.'s unite,
And constantly engage,
In youthful glee,
With you and me,
And those of any age
To help.

A home, on earth, we find
In this blest town of ours ;
And may the day,
In God's own way,
But sanctify our powers
To help
Make it better.

COME TO JESUS.

(For Little Boys.)

We're glad we've come to Jesus
Ere we became like men ;
He saves us now from many sins ;
We know He'll do it then.

With heart and hand, voices too,
We mean to do His will,
And when we're men, yes, when men,
We shall be better still.

A FEW WORDS TO SANTA CLAUS.

(By five little girls.)

ST. JACOB'S WELL ENTERTAINMENT,
MEDCALF ST. S. S., CHRISTMAS, 1887.

O Santa Claus ! O Santa Claus !
And where did you come from ?
You come and go, I know 'tis so,
Though not by "Telegram."

What's on your head ? You're out of bed.
You sleep the whole year through.
On Christmas Eve you take your leave.
Go, shoot your night-cap. Do !

Now, Santa Claus ! O Santa Claus !
I'm glad to see your care ;
My Christmas box, you sly old fox,
Is in your pocket—there.

O Santa Claus, say, Santa Claus,
You know the year you played
A real good trick, and left a brick
For that big Tommy Slade ?

Now, do the same, and in your name
We'll all get off to bed ;
And shut our eyes, at morn will rise ;
But don't fool us instead.

SANTA CLAUS' REPLY.

You speak of tricks with naughty bricks,
I play them on the boys,
Who key-hole flit and all night sit
To watch me for my toys.

Not little pearls, but larger girls,
Who watch me for my coming ;
I play them tricks, but not with bricks,
I give them each an onion.

SPEECH BY SANTA CLAUS.

(AT THE "CORNUCOPIA" ENTERTAINMENT, 1889.)

I tell you, dear children, I am going
To tell you a story of love,
What a dear little boy has been saying
Of goody-good things up above.

(Pointing towards the cornucopia.)

"Santa Claus," said he, "is a fine old man ;
Jolly, fat-looking, old fellow !
He gives 'way candies and beautiful things,
With oranges, too—rich and mellow.

"Though Santa's rich," said the dear little boy,
"And gives away plenty of toys,
I never would take his snug little pack
Away from the rest of the boys."

Such boys as that I will lovingly meet,
And girls, too, so tender at heart,
With crack of my whip, a puff of my horn,
This secret alone, I impart.

Good-bye, good-bye, boys and girls, don't you tell
That Santa has ever made known
This great secret of his to any of you,
Good-bye, sweet bye ! I am gone.

IN THEIR PLACE.

I tell you, my dear friends,
The story of a boy
Who played with elegance
The ball, and hoop, and toy.

At times he'd put aside
The ball, and hoop, and toy ;
And oft has he replied,
“ I'll not always be a boy.”

He took to books and slate,
As well as any boy;
At school was never late
For ball, or hoop, or toy.

“ I'll use,” would he relate,
Of ball, and hoop or toy,
“ For exercise,” he'd state,
“ I'll use them as a boy.”

THE CORNUCOPIA.

The Cornucopia is filled
With goody-goods for me ;
Upon the platform there it stands,
As full as it can be.

'Tis pouring forth its goods to-day,
Of an abundant store
To young and old, the rich and poor,
All out upon the floor.

Let's come and gather one, two, three,
Enough of goods to-day,
The "Horn of Plenty" still keeps on
At giving things away.

In great abundance, here and there,
All over this good land,
We find enough for every day
From God's Almighty hand.

These times we have recall the day
When God Almighty gave
The greatest gift of His great heart,
A ruined world to save.

WHAT IS PRAYER ?

Prayer is breathing—out—
The wishes of our hearts—
And in—
The life which God imparts.

Prayer is speaking—in
Accents, though unheard—
To Him
Who speaks the living word.

Prayer is wrestling—oft
Between the soul and God—
With faith
Beneath the chastening rod.

Prayer is living—Life—
With its most vital breath,
Without—
Our living is in death.

Prayer is reaching—out—
With simple, trusting faith,
Taking
The Lord at what He saith.

REST.

It seems to me there's rest,
A beautiful, sweet rest—somewhere ;
A rest from toil and pain,
Where joys immortal reign,
A rest we all may gain—
Somewhere.

It seems to me there's rest,
A lovely, peaceful rest—somewhere ;

A rest 'mid toil and strife,
 A rest with cares of life,
 We surely find 'tis rife—
 Right here.

It seems to me I've rest,
 A pleasant, quiet rest—right here.
 A rest, thou burdened one ;
 A rest, thou weary son ;
 A rest on earth begun—
 Right here.

“Come unto Me, and I will give you rest,” said
 Jesus.

WAITING.

I have waited—oft have waited,
 Waited most impatiently ;
 Though patience is a Christian grace,
 I oft have waited, face to face,
 With bitterest misery.

Have you waited—ever waited
 On the Lord Most High, your head ?
 If you've never—scarcely ever,
 Try it once, and then forever
 In that pathway always tread.

Though at first I oft had waited—
 Waited most impatiently ;
 I became all but exhausted,
 By the devil oft accosted,
 “ Give up all eternally.”

I since have learned to wait and wait
 On the Lord of Hosts, my God,
Now I never—really never
Venture on the great forever
 Without His golden Rod—
 THE WORD.

“Wait thou on the Lord and He will incline His ear.”

A PRAYER.

O gracious, loving Jesus !
 O loving, loving Lord !
Come Thou with mighty power,
 And speak the living word.

Oh, speak with tenderest voice,
 That wakes the drowsy heart,
Or with the mightier sound,
 That bids all death depart !

Oh, come Thou in Thine own way !
 We cannot teach Thee how,
To speak or work—simply ask,
 As at Thy feet we bow.

WE GO, BUT GOD LOVES.

I have wondered—oft have wondered,
 Why men and women go
Upon the brink—the awful brink
 Of an eternal woe—
 Neglect.

I have pondered—oft have pondered
 On God's great mercy, too,
 Of His great love—oh, wondrous love !
 In saving us who do
 Neglect.

I have sauntered—oft have sauntered
 Upon life's rugged road,
 To tell the truth—the living truth,
 Of an ever-loving God—
 Who saves.

DAILY COMMUNION.

O the joy ! O the pleasure !
 It is a life sublime,
 Living, walking with my Saviour,
 Jesus, all the time.

HIS DEAR NAME.

Blessed Jesus, Thy dear name—
 The name of Life and Love—
 It scatters every vengeful thought,
 And lifts the souls, which it has bought,
 And carries them above.

Blessed Jesus ! Thy dear name—
 The name to sinners dear—
 It cheers and helps the trusting one,
 It is a heaven on earth begun,
 Without a doubt or fear.

TRUE CULTURE.

Give us education,
Give us legislation,
Intermingle with the whole
The salvation of the soul.

Culture we with education
For the purest legislation,
In the light of God's salvation,
To escape the dread damnation.

LIBERTY vs. FAME.

(Man on the Mount of Fame.)

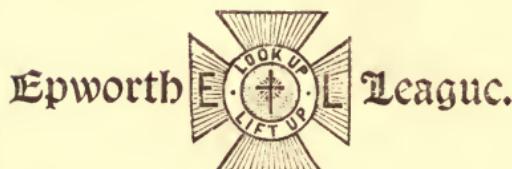
" Is this the place for which I've striven—
A spot which lies 'tween earth and heaven ? "
He thinks awhile, to answer, " Yea,"
Then down he comes in ruin's way.

And if he does not answer " Yea,"
But queries o'er the rugged way,
" Was it for Fame I left below ?
I think I will but answer, ' No.' "

Then on he goes the height to climb,
Away beyond the scale of Time,
For Freedom, wrought in Jesus' name,
He throws aside the thought of Fame.

" For Liberty, I left below,
For Liberty, I'll onward go ;
And would I stop this side the skies
For Fame ? How very vain the prize ? "

OUR MOTTO.



"Look up—lift up!" is the motto I uphold;
 'Tis fraught with preciousness as rich as Ophir gold.
 To Leagues that honor it the promise is success;
 The members, young and old, 'twill elevate and bless.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

A goodly thing it is for me
 To read your pages, one, two, three,
 And, turning over, four and five,
 I am encouraged, then, to strive
 A better man to be.

I throw aside the novel book,
 And on your better pages look,
 To find the love of God unfurled
 For every one throughout the world,
 Of city, village, nook.

Come, *Pleasant Hours!* Come, *Onward!* JEWEL!
 You both teach us the golden rule,
 And simplify that precious truth,
 Which helps us all in early youth
 To stand all ridicule.

DOING MISSION WORK.

Lord, I would do this mission work
On some broad mission field ;
If Thou wouldest now that gift impart,
My heart and soul would yield.

To do this work at home I feel
'Tis uncalled work to do,
While others round can do it well,
And do it better, too.

What is the work at home, I pray,
But meeting once a month,
To sit and chat the time away,
Of couple dollars' hunt ?

This mission work is but a dream,
And waste of money, too ;
I'll let it take its natural course—
There's plenty else to do.

I'll just sit down and think it out :
What good we women do
In organizing, one, two, three,
'Tis surely very few.

Now, let me see six hundred such
As this one here at home,
'Twould make just eighteen hundred file,
And fill a larger room.

But there are more, I'm sure there are,
Spread over this great land,
Who sit and chat on this great theme
And work with heart and hand.

And, too, the c in we give each year
Amounts to weighty pence,
Though 'tis a trifling sum for us,
It takes the Gospel thence

To foreign lands where those who live
Would kiss the land we tread,
But for their love of gospel work
They're living there instead.

And that's the good we women do
By meeting once a month—
We pick up all the smallest coins,
We sing, and pray, and hunt ;

And with the prayers we offer up
Each month, though one, two, three,
We consecrate our longing hearts
To set the captive free.

O mission work ! grand mission work !
I had wrong views of thee ;
I'll up and do the best I can,
And do it cheerily.

SNOW-WHITE.

The leaves have fallen, their color has gone ;
They're awaiting the earth to be covered
With snow as a mantle, the purest of white.
What's whiter on earth ?

Can you tell me ?

The carpet of green and the rustling leaves,
To be hushed in the dead of the winter,
Will slumber in peace when they're covered in white.
What's whiter on earth ?

Can you tell me ?

The souls which are washed in the blood of the Lamb,
And the sins which on earth are forgiven,
Are covered with mantles the purest of white—
They're whiter than snow—

Go and tell it.

THE FALLING LEAVES.

The leaves are falling, fast falling to-day,
They are changing their color and fading away,
Though in majesty stand the trees of the land,
The leaves come and go,
And constantly so,
As they say—

Time is going.

The leaves are calling, they're calling to-day,
For some one to listen while they fade away

The voice of their God, very strong, clear and loud,
 Never cease to call,
 Though they fade and fall,
 As they do say—
 Time has gone.

The leaves are falling and calling to-day :
 The summer has ended and passed away,
 The trees stand to warn, of th' resurrection morn,
 Mankind to prepare,
 Its glory to share,
 As God will say—
 Time's no more.

GETTING WEALTH.

I often sit and think, and think,
 Why men go tottering on the brink,
 Of sin and shame—eternal woe,
 And why they go thus to and fro,
 For wealth.

Why need I wonderingly think,
 That men will often more than wink
 For wealth ? God's wisely deemed it so,
 To keep mankind all on the go,
 For health.

But then, the saddest fact is this—
 That in the struggle men do miss
 Honoring God in what they do ;
 And it is wealth some will pursue
 By Stealth.

The "getting wealth" is God's design,
 To moral health does He confine
 All of His willingness in life,
 That man be honest in the strife
 For wealth.

X
AN A1 MAN.

If you and I will search about
 For an A1 man, we'll find
 That God's whole earth is covered up
 With men of every kind.

It's here, and there, and everywhere—
 Go search where'er you can ;
 Where'er a race on earth is run,
 You'll find an Englishman.

If you, with me, will search about
 For an A1 frying-pan ;*
 I'll guarantee that we will find
 An A1 Englishman.

If jokes are on the Irish laid,
 And mirth on Scottish kin ;
 We'll find that fools are often made
 Of true-born Englishmen.

But putting all the jokes aside,
 While jokes they are, and then
 All of the nobler traits are found
 In hearts of Englishmen.

* Beef.

Let truth and justice reign supreme,
And give it perfect sway ;
True sons of England will unite
To magnify the day.

Let gallant warships cross the deep,
And armies o'er the land ;
Against all error, dim and dark,
True sons of England stand.

For Number One I look about,
In any caste or clan,
And I will easily contrive
To find an Englishman.

For England's noble sons I claim
To do the best I can ;
The reason why is plain enough—
I am an Englishman.

Now sons of Ireland, Scottish clan,
I would not give for you
A snap tit-tat, if you were not
To one another true.

But let us all united be,
To serve the Lord on earth ;
And ever true and loyal be
To land that gave us birth.

O Englishmen ! True Englishmen !
Come gird your armor on,
And Irish, Scotch, Canucks and Yanks,
With you will sing a song

To God of all eternal truth,
Who is the NUMBER ONE ;
With Him on earth you truly find
Your Heaven has begun.

For England's noble sons I claim
To do the best I can ;
The reason why is plain enough—
I am an Englishman.

A RUNAWAY.

'Twas on that day, the people say,
Unluckiest in the week,
Some four or five would take a drive,
Including wild and meek.

They left our town, for fun were bound,
So merry, blithe and gay ;
“ Ain’t you glad you come ? Such jolly fun ! ”
The meekest one would say.

And so they were, that moment there ;
But had not time to say,
“ Aye, yes or no,” that moment, oh !
They in the road did lay.

One on her head ; but the horses led
Poor A— along the road ;

Although he's mild, was braver child
To wait for *jolly* load.

So back he came—for fun or fame,
I have not time to write;
But there to find the merry kind,
Had turned a wretched fright.

“ What's matter, aye ? ” a few would say,
“ The horses took a fright—
Have galloped back—what sense they lack ?
To leave us here all night.”

So up they got—it mattered not
Of horses' ignorance.
“ What shall we do in such a stew,
Supported by the fence.

A friend in need is friend indeed,
I wish he'd showed up now.
Ain't you glad you come ? had turned the fun
Into a solemn vow.

So back they came—both sick and lame—
Seeking hospitality.
And now they lie on beds, and wry,
“ Driving's infrugality.”

SLEIGH-BELLS.

When winter comes, we love to see
The ice and snow and sleet ;
To hear the bells, the tinkling bells—
Go ringing down the street.

Ringing Bells.

In Canada, our long-loved land—
We enjoy the bracing air
Of winter's stormy blast that blows,
In this great land so fair.

Loyal Bells.

We stand the storms with vigorous main,
To leap, and laugh, and sing ;
It makes us strong and hearty, too,
To hear the sleigh-bells ring.

Sleighting Bells.

Then ring, ye merry bells—ring out !
And fill the air with joy ;
But let it be with notes and strains,
Which hallowed songs employ.

Sacred Bells.

The songs and joys of earth should be
A tinkling spark of life—
The life that hopes the brightest day
Beyond all earthly strife.

Eternal Bells.

THE Y. P. A.

"What's the Y. P. A.? Will you tell me?"

Ask the boys, as they whimper down the street;
'Tis the place where the young people gather,
At a place where the young people meet.

"To the Y. P. A. will you give me"—

Say the girls, as they flutter down the street,
"A kind invitation, as you gather
At the place where the young people meet?"

"Come along"—say the boys and the girls,

"To the Y. P. A. with all your treasure,
And where Love, Light and Truth as a motto,
Is dealt to the fullest of a measure,

Come along!"

BOYS AND GIRLS.

I love to see the boys and girls
All leap, and laugh, and play;
But cannot bear to think that they
Would throw their time away.

They need to leap, and play, and laugh,
To keep their bodies well;
The soul inside may by-and-by
A grander story tell.

To keep the body well in trim
 Is an important need ;
 The soul, well stored with Jesus' love,
 Will bear immortal seed.

Then run, ye boys ! and laugh, ye girls !
 And play all hands around ;
 But keep those things well under hand,
 And ne'er be idle found.

IS LIFE A REALITY ?

We now are standing on the shores—
 Shores of what ? The shores of Time.
 Look ! that wave will soon roll o'er us,
 As it rolls through every clime.

Will you tell me, my dear brother,
 As we walk the shores of time,
 Will its gliding sands e'er cover
 This same sinking form of mine ?

And will my soul forever go,
 When I leave this vale so fair,
 To any place, for aught I know,
 Nothing more like this to share ?

No ! We'll walk and walk forever,
When we leave this wave-beat shore ;
In eternity, forever,
We shall walk for evermore.

But is this walk naught but a dream,
As we view that landscape o'er ?
When we're beneath that rippling stream
Are we parted evermore ?

Could I make it any clearer
Than the words of Longfellow ?
Could I bring it any nearer
To the hearts of all below ?

“ Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust return'st,
Was not spoken of the soul.”

Take my hand, be up and doing,
“ Engrave virtue on the sand,
Still achieving, still pursuing,”
Finally sit at God's right hand.

OUR PICNIC.

Our picnic, friends, upon the shores of Lake Ontario,
Comes year by year, and gladly, too, the children love to
go ;

The children of our Sunday-schools all gladly come to-day,
For school, or home, or anywhere, they would not stay
away.

Upon the grass, and through the woods, not many years
ago
Came bear, and wolf, and deer, and fawn, perhaps to frolic,
too.

As years rolled on, and days passed by, the way was cleared
for thee ;
And here, upon the grass to-day, is immortality.

We represent the school to-day that studies well the Word,
That loves to gaze upon the works of its beloved Lord.

The grass, the trees, the lake, the scene—these, Lord, in-
spired by Thee,
But take Thyself away from them, there's nothing left for
me.

I take the pencil, try to sketch ; there's nothing looks so
well

As when we gaze to realize the Lord “ Immanuel.”*

* God with us.

If we leap, laugh, sing, rejoice, let it be as to the Lord,
Who loves to see His children here joy in His works and
Word.

Day unto day doth utter speech, night unto night doth
show
Might and power of a great “I AM,” who rules all things
below.

Come, children, let us join to sing the praises of our God !
And write, sketch, seek and search for Him o'er all the
earth abroad.

A STORY OF TWO BOYS.

Two youths in natural state were found,
To live and move, and use the ground ;
And if the two were left alone,
They never would be worth a bone.

We'll place one here, the other there ;
And presently the two compare,
Then mark the difference between,
To follow each, but through one scene.

The club-room, now, is where we find,
This Number One, in nature, blind :
(My deal) “There's Jack, and king, and queen for you,
I'll deal out all before I'm through.”

"And clubs are trump. What's in your hand?
I'm sure I shall this game command"—
"Say, Michael John, come, fetch that here,
I want a sup, my brain to clear."

"Here, take my hand, for I must go
To meet with Jim, and Bill, and Joe;"—
"Say, strike a tune just while I wait;
You know we can the better skate."

"(*There that's*) The German twist, and so is that;
I'll join the crowd and play off Pat;
We'll call ourselves the Twin Malloys;
I reckon now we're some of the boys."

'Tis in the club-room you may find
Such silly talk and jest combined;
It is no place for men or boys,
Their brains are filled with senseless noise.

I say, my boy, oh, stop and think!
You're tottering on the very brink
Of sin and shame—eternal woe—
Where thoughtless youth is sure to go.

Your vim and life, we all admire;
Of nobler things, oh, do inquire!
With energy, come, do infuse
This youth, who has no will to choose.

Of Number Two, we want to ask,
“What’s your apparent present task ?
You seem so quiet, glum and low,
Have you no place to come or go ?”

“Well, no—don’t—seem—to—think—or—care,
I—take—it—easy—everywhere,
This—world—is—but—a pleasant—dream,
I’ll—drink—the—milk—withouth—the cream.

“To skating—rinks—I sometimes—go,
And—there—you’ll find—I—take—it slow ;
I—have—no—care—to—skate or run—
I don’t see—any—thing—in fun.

“And—books, to—me—are no—delight—
I—make of—them—a—wretched—fright,
Though—guilty—of—no—awful—crimes,
I—crawl—into the—church—sometimes.’

This kind of boys there may be few ;
But I have found them, so have you ;
And e’er it be forever late,
Let’s call them from their sullen state.

Awake, my boy, from out of sleep,
You’re lingering o’er a mighty deep ;
God has some work for you to do :
Here’s Number One, he’ll help you through.

So, hand-in-hand, together go,
And promise each, for weal or woe—
Though they were thoughtless, now they think,
'Tis better far to rise than sink.

"What shall we do? Where shall we go?
We have forsaken paths of woe,
We've energy and ease combined,
And nobler work we want to find."

"Say, Number One, I tell you what,
Of where, I think, the grandest spot
For the people, kindred, nation—
'Tis the Young Association."

"Well, Number Two, I think we'll start,
To seek it out before we part;
There's one that meets, the people say,
On ——— Street, not far away."

So hand-in-hand, together go,
And now they face the weal, not woe,
While there they find the very spot,
Where meets a laughing, jolly lot.

What makes them so? there's none can tell,
But that they love their Saviour well;
And joining them they learn the love
Of Him who fits us for above.

The energies of Number One,
Along this channel freely run,
The club ! Its vilifying fame
Is now to him, a wretched name.

And Number Two, he's started well,
Of his good times he loves to tell,
And books ! oh, books ! where shall he find
A substitute to fill his mind !

'Tis onward, onward, onward, too,
The motto of this noble crew ;
And with it learn to live and rise,
To rest nowhere this side the skies.

There's something deep in every boy,
Who's led away by foul decoy ;
And what we need is that to know,
And lift them from that horrid slough.

Oh, what ! oh, where ! can any find
A nobler place of nobler kind,
Than the united Church of God,
Where young and old have safely trod ?

Joined heart-to-heart, and hand-in-hand,
'Tis here we learn the great command ;
Obey it, too, until we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

So when we're there, around we'll go,
And talk of Him we loved below,
As part and parcel of the nation
From out the young Association.

DEPARTURE OF THE FAITHFUL TEACHER.

"After the storm a still small voice."

PREPARED OR UNPREPARED.

If unprepared at death—

We shudder with horror, tremble with fear,
For a soul may well think that God is near;
The thunders and lightnings may be the bier
To bear us away before Him to appear.

But better than all is that "still small voice,"
To whose call we each may list and rejoice.
For that is a bier of our God so mild,
He tenderly whispers—"Come up, My child."

He bears us away in His arms of love,
To mansions of rest, the haven above;
And best of all is, on earth may be heard
That still small voice—"Come, My child, be prepared."

The boys in her class remember quite well
The voice that spake and the notes as they'd swell

From a heart and a soul that loved to tell
The story of Jesus she loved so well.
She was faithful—hence prepared.

O blessed Jesus, come! and help us faithful be,
That ere the coming night
Cuts off the morning hour,
As dew is sparkling bright
Upon the springing flower.

O Holy Spirit come! and help us faithful be,
That as the day grows bright
Before the glowing sun,
Forbid that coming night
Leaves any work undone.

O God! our Father, come! and help us faithful be,
That every child may learn
The love of God to sing—
In every heart may burn
The glory of our King.

“Faithful unto death,” she passed away triumphant
in the Lord. She was prepared.

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

I take a walk in summer,
With hands behind my back ;
And that around the garden
In unforbidden track.

When just beneath my footsteps,
Stand tiny blades of grass,
Refreshed with dews from heaven—
Refreshments soon which pass.

And, as I look, I wonder
From where and how they gain
Their happy life; I ponder,
Why ponder I in vain?

They droop, they die, they wither,
Again to re-appear
In spring, with all its beauty—
The morning of the year.

I walk a few steps farther,
The bell of morn has rung;
I see the rose in beauty
Spread leaves, and then it sung

With tones as nature uttered,
" Do all you can a favor,
I'll bloom, send forth my fragrance,
The sweetest smelling savor.

For that night will soon be here,
Soon gone will be that sun,
And the darkness reappear,
'Tis then my work is done."

The canopy of heaven
Seemed to re-echo back,
"Let not your feet grow weary,
Nor let your work get slack."

The firmament sheweth forth
The handiwork of God ;
I adored the Creator—
Retraced the path I trod.

Day to day doth utter speech,
Night unto night doth show,
Knowledge of a great Supreme
That rules all things below.

I return again at eve,
The leaves are on the ground ;
They are withered and decayed,
For death hath been its round.

It is there they will remain
Until the winter's over ;
Till Spring—the resurrection
Of seed, the rose, and clover.

And ought not this remind us
Of Resurrection Day ?

Men go not down forever,
Nor forever pass away.

I change my walk and footsteps
From paths—nature's beauty;
Reaching now our Sunday-school,
Enter on my duty.

'Tis before a class of boys,
The sons of parents dear ;
Seek to lead them to the Lord,
To serve their God with fear.

Oh ! I look upon those boys,
As bright as grass and flower ;
Though before another week
Cometh death but to devour.

Their cheeks may glow with beauty,
They walk and leap : for those
May rejoice in that they are
More excellent than the rose.

Who would have thought two weeks ago
That Willie B—— would be
Absent from our school to-day,
Enrolled with heavenly.

Then as like the grass and rose
That wither on the ground,
Every step I take, I see
That death hath been its round.

All nature but reminds us
Our lives are very brief,
That all of us do wither
And fade as doth a leaf.

God hath made the grass and rose ;
He made mankind likewise ;
His arm is omnipotent,
Omniscient are His eyes.

Pleasant, then, it is to know
Sins on earth forgiven ;
When we come to wither, too,
Sweetly enter heaven.

“Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast ;”
'Tis there we live forever,
Forever be at rest.

But Willie's seat is vacant
Just over in the corner ;
Though he sits to-day above—
That place without a mourner.

And his seat is vacant, too,
Around the family board,
Who could fill that place with love,
Which Willie did afford ?

*The many words he'd utter !
The kinder looks he'd give !
Gladly would we give up all
Would he return to live.*

When our friends do from us part
We think of all such things;
Deeds that pierced the very heart
Were surely fiendish stings.

Speak kind words, dear boys and girls ;
Be true, be kind, forgive
Little wrongs some one may do—
You cannot always live.

Willie cannot come to us,
But we may go to him,
Trusting in the Saviour, too,
And dwell with seraphim.

Edith, too, has passed away ;
She's with dear Willie gone
'Way unto the sweeter rest—
The fairer home up yon.

Dear brother and dear sister,
We'll meet you by-and-by,
To join in heaven's music,
And never breathe a sigh.

Oh, rest contented, father !
Rest contented, mother !
Oh, rest contented, sister !
Rest contented, brother !

Your Willie and your Edith
Are clothed in robes of white ;
They walk the golden mansion,
And in their Saviour's light.

'Tis within the last few months
Two others from our school*
God has taken to His home,
And with His saints to rule.

Ah, does your heart beat and throb,
A tear steal from your eye ?
Weep not o'er the parted ones,
You'll meet them by-and-by.

To-day they walk in glory,
With joys of pure delight ;
'Tis there they'll live forever
And dwell in splendor bright.

Jesus, bless our Sunday-school,
And fill our hearts with love !
That scholars, teachers, parents
May meet again above.

* All schools have missing ones.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

The winter time is almost past,
The spring is drawing nigh ;
Such gloomy days can never last,
We've tokens in the sky.

In spring, the resurrection time,
Of grass that died last fall ;
The buds creep out, the birds in chime,
Do energize it all.

The opening buds to-day are seen
Upon the leafless trees ;
But nipping frosts have often been
The sting of death to these.

The sting of death in March or May
May nip the buds of youth,
And take them, oh, so far away !
Which seems an awful truth.

Those buds—when nipped by Death's cold hand,
The flowers in heaven bloom ;
They decorate the glory-land,
They beautify that home.

Lois Etta stood upon her feet,
And gave her name to be

Recorded in this book*—so sweet
 That day she looked at me.

Oh, holy angel, up above !
 Did'st thou not write her name
 Upon thy page—the page of love,
 And of immortal fame ?

Come, holy angel, whisper now
 Into our hearts, and tell
 Just how she looks, as angels bow,
 In heavenly apparel.

Come, boys and girls, will you not come,
 With Jesus Christ to be ?
 He bids you all, come home, come home,
 He gladly welcomes thee.

A HYMN.—L. M.

Our God of condescending love,
 Has sent His Son down from above ;
 And for mankind, a fallen race,
 At God's right hand prepares a place.

How thankful, then, we ought to be
 For heavenly grace that sets us free ;
 In sin and Satan's bonds we lay,
 Through ignorance, from day to day

* Class-Book.

'Twas ignorant of God we were,
Until we found His arm made bare,
In sending forth His only Son,
Who has for us a victory won.

Victory over death and hell,
With agonies no man can tell ;
Shall we suffer as Jesus did ?
Oh no ! no ! no ! Our God forbid !

Our Jesus, then, for fallen man,
Has finished up the mighty plan ;
And only through this Jesus' name,
Can we a free salvation claim.

'Tis when our wretchedness we know—
Though rich or poor, though high or low ;
Then falling down at Jesus' feet,
We shall a gracious pardon meet.

And then we realize God's love,
To send His Son down from above ;
And that for us, a fallen race,
Returned again to fit a place.



ON THE DEATH OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOY.*

There sat in our school a fortnight ago,
A lad with a bright, cheerful look ;
His thoughts very deep, though his words were few,
He studied the great Sacred Book.

His thoughts were so deep that one could not tell
The hopes of his young, loving heart ;
There was heaven for him he knew very well,
He longed to make known of his start.

He joined in the songs a fortnight ago,
Did he chant with the beautiful hymn ?
His voice to-day rings and fervently so,
With the song of an heavenly rhythm.

He's gone to the land, the land of the blest ;
"No traveller has ever returned ;"
His home is to day the haven of rest,
Of this home when on earth he'd learned.

Through the classes he passed, though one by one,
And teachers he had very few ;
But the work they did, however 'twas done,
They really can never undo.

* Our schools have missed some boys.

Oh, teachers ! dear teachers ! scholars unite
To make our blest home upon earth
More cheerful with love, more Christ-like and bright,
With the pleasures of heavenly mirth.

The monster "Grim Death" is passing this way,
Not sparing the best of the fold ;
With his bony hands he takes in a day,
Decrepid and strong—young and old.

"Twas Percy, young Percy, fleet heart and gay,
Who sat with his class over there,
Who's gone to his rest—the son of a day,
To rest in his youth—young and fair.

"Who'll meet him to greet on heaven's blest shore?"
His papa and mamma would say ;
We'll meet him and greet as oft as before,
When *time and our days* fade away.

We'll meet him in Jesus—no other name
To men upon earth has been given,
To climb those great heights of glorious fame,
We'll meet, by-and-by, up in heaven.

Children, be ready to go at the call !
Remember your dear, loving Lord ;
Be ready ! be ready ! each one and all ;
"To follow," as taught by His Word.

NEARER OUR HOME TO-DAY.

TUNE—"Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Nearer our home, to-day,
Nearer to-day ;
As days are passing by
With young and gay,
Dear people—young and old,
With blessings manifold
Come nearer home to-day,
Nearer to-day.

Nearer our home to-day,
Nearer to-day
Than when a year ago
We passed this way.
Children, prepare to greet,
Your loving Lord to meet.
Nearer our home to-day,
Nearer to-day.

CANADA'S GREATNESS.

AS COMPILED BY W. E. DYER, FOR CHRISTMAS "CORNUCOPIA"
ENTERTAINMENT AT MEDCALF STREET SABBATH-
SCHOOL, OSHAWA, DEC. 23, 1889.

This subject is well-known, universally spoken of, and greatly commented on. Prose and poetry have been written to the fact. We may say that it is original in itself. Canada is, and her greatness is, too ; hence, perhaps, the origin of the subject.

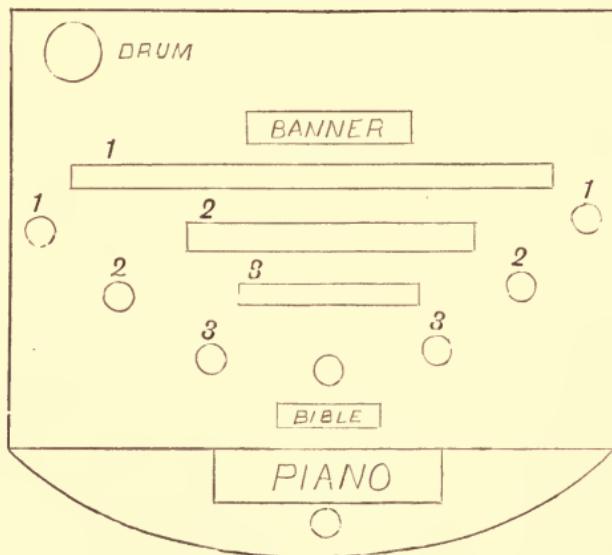
"Canadians will be satisfied to know that our country consists of one-fourteenth part of the earth, that the Dominion is nearly thirty times as large as the whole of the United Kingdom, and that Canada is 500,000 square miles larger than the United States without Alaska."—*Guardian*.

With scissors in hand, I have enjoyed securing, now and then, the slips that have recognized in any way the facts of "Canada's greatness." It being of so much interest to me, I thought, on one occasion, that a compilation distinctly recognizing the work and workings of the great national divisions of the Dominion under British rule, with the Bible taught, would be an excellent preparation for Sabbath-school work by the way of entertainment. So to work I

prayerfully go for selections, original and otherwise, in this compilation, and I am thankful for its hearty reception.

Its teachings are, that the taught Word of God is true religion, love of home, loyalty to country, a high estimation of Canada and her vast dimensions, a love of the true, a humble submission to the facts that the teaching of God's Word has been, and is, and is to be "Canada's greatness"—greatness in the true moral sense of the word. May God bless the effort to the honor of His name and the glory of His purpose.

POSITION ON THE PLATFORM.



LONG BANNERS.

No. 1. "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

No. 2. "God save the Queen."

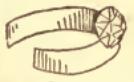
No. 3. "God bless our school."



Performed by four young ladies and four young gentlemen, one of the gentlemen to make the introduction, as prepared.

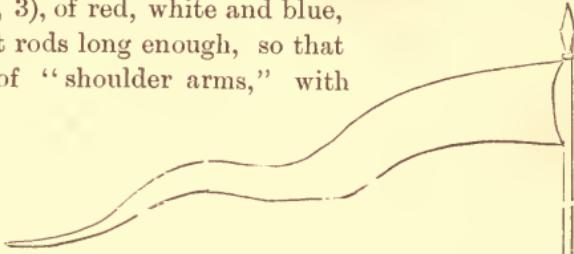
One of the ladies is to represent "Canada," and is to be dressed in flowing white robes, to wear a coronet made of silver,* to hold in the right hand a white banneret, as above : to be made neatly of white satin ; letters of silver, and the staff wrapped with tin foil ; the maple leaf of silver or gold paper.

* Tin may be used, and the whole outfit may be gotten up very cheap.

The three lady attendants on the right are to be dressed similarly, but not so flowing and gaily, though in every way neatly ; to wear a silver coronet, thus :  and not quite the same flash as "Canada," whose should be tipped with a large star, thus :  Each band should be one and one-half inches deep, and left open at the back, so that it may be adjusted to suit the person wearing.

The three gentlemen attendants are to be dressed neatly, suits alike, military or black ; to wear over the shoulder and down the side a sash of the same color as the flag carried by himself ; coronets, same as the lady attendants.

The attendants are each to carry a long, flowing flag, respectively (Nos. 1, 2, 3), of red, white and blue, attached to light rods long enough, so that in the attitude of "shoulder arms," with the flag-staff in the hand and shoulder next to "Canada," the flag will pass nicely over the head and the opposite shoulder of the one in possession—the others facing the audience.



The flags are about five feet long, staffs all the same length, to be so arranged on the platform that the tip of one will not interfere with the view of the next attendant. Staffs are to be painted the same color as the flag with it. A square staff can be held in position better than a round one ; size, three-quarter inch square.

On each flag is to be painted the name of the Province or territory represented by each. Thus : No. 1 gentleman, red flag, Maritime Provinces ; No. 2, Quebec, white ; No. 3, Ontario, blue. No. 1 lady, British Columbia, red flag ; No. 2, Forest Belt, white ; No. 3,

10*sl.*

* ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS'S NAME.*

COD + SAVE THE QUEEN,

BRITISH COLUMBIA

GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL

MARITIME PROVINCES.

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Fertile Belt, blue. The color of letters to suit the color of the flag.

The long banners are to be pure white, with gilt letters. The banner above to be pink silk, red valance, blue fringe, gilt letters, staff of red or brown.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

One solid, heavy beat of the drum. Organ, or piano, or orchestra play the march, "Men of Harlech." "Canada," leading from the right to the time of the music, marches to the front of the table with the Bible on it, and as soon as in position the attendants follow from the right, lady No. 3 leading, with flag flowing straight back as at "shoulder-arms." Gentlemen from the left in the same attitude, and at the same time, each followed by the next attendant in rotation, and so arranged that the corresponding attendants will strike the platform exactly and to the time of the music. Position, as per diagram, gentlemen on the left and ladies on the right. When in position the music ceases.

Looking heavenward, sing

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Introduction by a gentleman advancing to the front at the gentlemen's left hand. Distinctly and accurately :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Canada has vast possessions. Her domains are great; but in her greatness she promises

to be still greater. From the Maritime Provinces, on the east, across to the fair Province (*pointing gracefully*) on the west, she spans the continent. (*Aside*) Uncle Sam fain would marry her in her promising greatness.

This fair Canada of ours holds a central and commanding position for all geographical and trading purposes, and with the development of her vast and varied resources must one day lead the van of the world's commerce.

And in the onward march all over this great land
The Sunday-schools engage ; unitedly they stand,
To study truth and learn the truth,
To follow God's command.

Attendants count—gentlemen first, 1, 2, 3 ; and ladies second, 1, 2, 3. Heavy bang by drum. The Nos. 1 half-step forward, and dropping staffs from “shoulder arms” to the position of “charge bayonets,” or “present arms.” Second bang, Nos. 2, same position. Third bang, Nos. 3, same position. Fourth bang, all back at once into proper positions.

All recite quotation, as per *Wesleyan* :

“Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the broad, green land,
Where courage and loyalty ever shall stand ;
Hurrah ! for the home of the brave and the fair ;
Hurrah ! for the home of the maple and bear.”

All sing “Coronation.”

All hail the bright and glorious morn
When missions here were warmed

With truth as taught from God's own Word,
And Sabbath-schools were formed.

We praise the Lord for Sabbath-schools ;
Broadcast them o'er the land ;
To teach the love of Christ the Lord,
We'll work with heart and hand.

1st gentleman, passing staff into off-hand, raising flag in
the air, and leaning forward a little, recites the following :*

“ Hurrah ! for the land of the bays and the streams,
The land where old Ocean his brightest gleams ;
Where the fisher rests from the stormy main,
Which is richer to him than gold or grain.”

Dropping back into position gracefully.

2nd gentleman, same attitude as No. 1., recites :

“ Hurrah ! for the land of the river and hill,
Where the bold *habitant* has his farmyard still ;
Where the bright plains nourish unnumbered herds,
And the hills are alive with the songs of birds.”

3rd gentleman, same, and recites :

“ Hurrah ! for the land of the loyal and bold,
Where the wave of Niagara ever has rolled ;
Where the lakes are spread into mighty seas,
And the green land is laughing with plenty and ease.”

* These verses are respectfully solicited from the *Wesleyan*, through our S. S. *Pleasant Hours*.

3rd lady, same, and recites :

“ Hurrah ! for the land of the maple and bear—
For the home of the loyal, the brave, and the fair—
Where the Saskatchewan through the green land sweeps,
And the wild meadow into fertility leaps.”

2nd lady, same as the others, recites :

“ Hurrah ! for the land of the larch and the pine,
Where the broad lakes far through the green wood shine ;
Where the mighty Mackenzie and Nelson roll,
And the land is rich with the treasure of coal.”

1st lady, same, and recites :

“ Hurrah ! for the land of the mountain and wood,
Where the beautiful Bow is forever in flood ;
Where, high on the Rockies, the white snow lies,
And back from their bases the white foam flies.”

All recite together :

“ Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the broad, green land,
Where courage and loyalty ever shall stand ;
Hurrah ! for the home of the brave and the fair ;
Hurrah ! for the land of the maple and bear.”

Canada recites :

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
From the east unto the west (*pointing*) ;
To make them all, though one by one,
The brightest and the best.

All sing " Miles Lane."

" All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

All attendants fall back into line. Canada turns to her left as she picks up a small Bible from her table, and speaks to No. 1 gentleman, thus :

" Maritime Provinces, what is your hope ? "

He advances a step and a half, answering,
" I look to the Sabbath-schools."

With that, Canada presents small Bible, and recites as she waves her hand at the flag of the attendant. (The attendant must not raise his hand to accept Bible until Canada presents it.)

To Maritime Provinces :

" Oh, vigorous land ! where a northern sun
Beams forth in a clear blue sky ;
Where abounding life is in winter's breath,
And in summer zephyrs sigh."*

* For these beautiful verses used by Canada in answer to her Provinces we are indebted to Rev. James Cooke Seymour, who kindly consented to our use of them in this work.

No. 1 falls back into position.

Canada questions :

"Quebec, what is your hope?" who answers : "The Bible taught," as he advances to her question.

Canada presents small Bible. Waving her hand at his flag, she recites :

"It was on these shores the old British flag
To victory on was led ;
To gain the freedom we own to-day
Our brave forefathers bled."

No 2 falls back.

Canada questions :

"Ontario, what is your hope?"

Ontario answers, in the same attitude as the others : "The children saved."

Bible presented, as before.

Canada recites to Ontario :

"O, land of large brains, and where wills are strong,
Where knowledge to all is free,
With passionate love of the right and true,
And the fullest liberty."

Canada then turns to her right and questions in rotation, beginning with No. 3 lady. The ladies will take the same attitude in each case as the gentlemen.

"Fertile Belt, what is your hope?"

Answer.—"The preaching and the teaching of the Gospel."

Canada presents Bible, and waving hand, recites :

"Shall we, the rich heirs of this noble land
 With its glories far and near,
 Shall we cowardly cast our rights away,
 Grand rights ! that have cost so dear ?"

"Forest Belt, what is your hope?"

Answer.—"The missionaries with the Bible."

Canada, as before, recites :

"Let the holy fires that our fathers warmed
 Awake in the people's heart !
 Let freedom arise with mighty voice,
 And traitors shall feel the smart."

Canada :

"British Columbia, what is your hope?"

Answer.—"All the rest combined."

Canada, as before :

"*For God and our Queen !* our rallying cry,
 We'll do whate'er is right ;
 We'll guard at all costs our liberties dear,
 And never give up the fight."

(Let all take care of the attitude when answering questions and accepting Bibles.)

All recite, looking towards Canada, and holding up Bibles (Canada looking up and silent) :

“ Canada, this is your hope ; with this comes your greatness—the children all taught the true love of God. Parents, teachers, children, all unite to make your land still greater.”

Canada opens large Bible, placing hand upon the open page, and sings :

“ Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine ;
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am.”

TUNE—“ Dominion Hymnal,” No. 158.

The small Bibles are handed out in rotation, beginning with the No. 1, and, following soft beats of the drum, saying as they hand out the Bibles to attendants in the audience :

Nos. 1. “ Go, teach my children.”

Nos. 2. “ Go, teach my children.”

Nos. 3. “ Go, teach my children.”

All attendants fall back into position, and sing softly, to the tune of “ Where is my Wandering Boy,” Gospel Hymns M. and S., page 279.

Where have my wandering children gone ?
 Oh, where have they gone to-day ?
 Go, teach them truth in early youth
 ' Go, teach them,' God doth say.

Sing out :

Go, teach my children, go !
 Go, teach my children, go !
 Go, teach them truth in early youth ;
 Go, teach my children, go !

Canada, leaning forward and in loyal Christian dignity looking across the borders, says :

" Uncle Sam, when you do likewise you may marry me."

Count and drill as before (1, 2, 3, etc.), drum beating, as before, four times ; at the fifth beat the flags will pass from "shoulder arms" to the opposite hand, the end of staff on the floor.

Drum rolls softly, and the first long banner,* "God bless our school," is placed in position, held by Nos. 3, all singing, " Dominion Hymnal," 110 :

" God bless our Sunday-school,
 Increase our Sunday-school ;
 God bless our school !

* All the banners may be arranged in position before beginning the drama. When so, the singers all gracefully point to such banner before singing the respective verses.

Send down Thy grace divine,
 May ev'ry child be Thine,
 And love our hearts entwine ;
 God bless our school."

Drum rolls softly, and No. 2 long banner is placed in position in the hands of the Nos. 2. Sing "God save the Queen," "Dominion Hymnal," 244 :

" God save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen !
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the Queen ! "

Drum rolls, No. 3 long banner, with the fancy banner in rear, is hoisted, one above the other, as diagram. Sing "All hail the power of Jesus' name," Miles Lane Sunday-school Organ, 49.

" All hail the power of Jesus' name,
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

" Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all."

(Sing last line with effect.)

Drum rolls loudly, and long enough to lower gracefully all the banners. At the close, one heavy beat, and the flags are shouldered.

Mark time to the march as the music plays "Men of Harlech." All march from the platform, keeping time to the music, ladies following No. 3, who turns to the left, and gentlemen following No. 3, who turns to the right.

Canada remains in position until the others are out of sight; when so, she raises her large Bible to her chest, and leaves the platform to the time of the march, the music continuing. The attendants cross over behind the scenes at the appearance of Canada. Having dismantled coronets, flags, sashes, etc., the gentlemen make their appearance at the left of the audience and the ladies at the right, all marching in time to the music to their places on the platform, though *vice versa*. Canada follows up the rear, wearing her coronet only, and taking her position in the centre, as before.

All sing song on page 17, "Canada's Greatness," with emphasis and gesticulation.

At the close of the last line all draw back in graceful bow, and, to the time of the music, leave platform as before, ladies going to the right, gents to the left. Canada remains, and when the rest are out of sight she makes a graceful bow and retires, following lady attendants. All closes.

ECHOES SPEED ON!

Now, take your flight as winged birds,
And soar the heights of time

In chime,
To find your way, as yesterday,
To every age and clime,
As rhyme.

And if you fail in soaring thus,
We count you nothing more,
Or lower
Than echoes fair, as gone somewhere
On atmospheric lore,
To soar.

As distance weakens Echo's voice,
So Time may deaden you,
How true !

Yet o'er the height you've taken flight,
As heard by some who do
Know you.

X







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BV Dyer, W. E.
1573 Echoes from a Sunday-
D94 school

